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## THE PLEASURES OF PERFUME.

Something More in the Bottle Than the Mere Sweet Sweet.

"Some people," said the large and portly person to the Washington Star reporter, as they stood in a drug store with a caseful of perfumes spread before them, "don't seem to exercise one bit of judgment in the selection of a perfume. What they appear to want is something that will find its chief function in concealing some other smell which is less pleasant."

"It isn't so with me. To me there is sentiment in smell, if you will permit the alliteration, and I buy my perfume because of the sentiment. When I was younger I don't know but that I bought about as other people did, and still do; but now, having given up the frivolities of the gay world, I live more in the past, and I love to think of what the world was to me as a boy. I lived in the country, and when one has started from the ground he never forgets his starting point. I might say he never ceases to love it. Now, here," said the large and portly person, picking up a bottle of some fashionable scent, "this is an odor that reminds always of crowded ball rooms, of women in satins and laces, of men in full dress, of music and dancing and wine and long hours into the night and heaviness in the morning. Do you think I want to get a whiff of that sort every time I take out my handkerchief? Here's another. This reminds me of theaters, on the stage and off; the glare of lights, the temptations, the joys, the triumphs, the defeats, the late suppers, the bitterness the broken hearts, the everything that a man would rather forget, and a woman can never forget. Not any perfumed reminders of that kind if you please."

"There are others that are equally undesirable, and there are others that are so artificial that they remind me of nothing, and they are, if anything, worse than the others."

"Now, this," and the large and portly person picked up a bottle, "is what I use, because it is a redolent of the farm. When I catch a breath of it, it makes me a boy again, and I can see the old fence across the clover field I can almost touch the clambering vines, I can feel the nibble of the first spring fish at my pin hook, I can hear the cows in the pasture, I can see the blue skies up thru the leafy shade of the big old tree in the front yard, I can see it all. I can hear it all, I can feel it all, and I hold the bottle in my hand as a treasure greater than that lamp of Aladdin's, which brought him gold for the rubbing of it; for what this perfume brings to me is what all the gold in the world can never bring to a man when once he has let it slip from his grasp in his grasping for what is worth so much less."

The large and portly person was silent for as much as a minute, gazing as if at something which was not of the earth. Then he spoke again.

"Yes," he said to the clerk, "you may wrap me up a bottle of this and give one to this gentleman also," nodding with a persuasive smile at the reporter.

## A Lesson In Poisons.

A Druggist in Kentucky Has Had the Temerity to Set up a Queer Window.

It seems scarcely wise for a man in the state of Kentucky to declare that whisky is poison, says the San Francisco Examiner. But there is a reckless individual in Nicholasville, Ky., who has done it, and done it in a bold, disagreeable sort of way, too.

This person's name, which is apt to be anathema in Kentucky henceforth, is James W. Gordon. He is in the drug business in Nicholasville. Just how long his neighbors and fellow-townsmen will encourage him in pursuit of trade is very difficult to say.

Mr. Gordon has gratuitously "rubbed it in" to his compatriots on the somewhat dangerous score of whisky. He has fitted up in the front of his drug store what he calls a poison window, and a bottle of the corn juice dear to the Kentucky heart is there.

The window is a grewsome thing. It is a grewsome thing. It is a whole course of lessons to a man who wants to commit suicide. In the middle, white and grinning, is a skull. Clutched in its teeth is the deadly cigarette, an ash clinging at its tip. At the right of the skull is a bottle filled with the good corn juice of the Kentuckians' dad-dies. At its left is a bottle of port wine. Scattered about in the foreground are cards, dice and poker chips.

The rest of the window is filled with small jars containing liquid poisons and papers upon which are heaped powders enough of various sorts to end the troubles of a regiment. Every article is labeled, from the cigarette to the prussic acid, and to prevent any possible misunderstanding of his meaning Mr. Gordon has fronted the whole deadly collection with a statling sign, which reads: "Every article in this window is poison."

What makes the druggist's venture more inexplicable is that he is a voter in Kentucky and carries no life insurance. His pharmacy may be perfectly correct, but his lack of policy is pitiful.

## A Horse Dies From Grief.

He Was Separated From His Mate and Died in a Short Time.

The emotional life of a horse is remarkable. There are instances on record where the death of the horse has been traced directly to grief. One instance is called to mind, which occurred more than twenty years ago. A circus had been performing in the little town of Unionville, Pa., when one of the trained horses sprained one of his legs so that he could not travel. He was taken to the hotel and put in a box stall. The leg was bandaged and he was made as comfortable as possible, runs an account in the Kentucky Stock Farm.

He ate his food, and was apparently contented until about midnight, when the circus began moving out of town. Then he became restless and tramped and whined. As the caravan moved past the hotel he seemed to realize that he was being deserted, and his anxiety and distress became pitiful. He would stand with his ears pricked in an attitude of intense listening, and then as his ears caught the sounds of the retiring wagons he would rush as best he could with his injured leg, from one side of the stall to the other, pushing at the door with his nose and making every effort to escape. The stableman, who was a stranger to him, tried to soothe him, but to no purpose. He would not be comforted.

Long after all sounds of the circus had ceased, his agitation continued. The sweat poured from him in streams and he quivered in every part of the body. Finally the stableman went to the horse, woke up the proprietor and told him he believed the horse would die if some of the circus horses were not brought back to keep him company. At about daylight the proprietor mounted a horse and rode after the circus. He overtook it ten or twelve miles away, and the groom who had had charge of the injured horse returned with him. When they reached the stable the horse was dead.

The stableman said that he remained for nearly an hour perfectly still and with every sense apparently strained to the utmost tension, and then, without making a sign, fell and died with scarcely a struggle. The veterinarian who was called remarked after the circumstances were told him that unquestionably the horse died from grief. If it is possible for all the mental faculties of the horse to become abandoned to grief to such an extent as to cause death, how much more does he appeal to the sympathy and regard of mankind.

### The Day and the Knight.

Lord Kelvin when a professor at Glasgow university was occasionally obscure and complex when the interest of a side issue led him off the beaten track. This was made the subject of an epigram which contrasted his methods with those of his assistant, Day, to his disadvantage. The occasion chosen was that of his return from having received his knighthood, and a student wrote upon the blackboard, "Work while it is yet Day, for the knight cometh when no man can work."

### Eating an Orange.

Fine oranges grow in Florida, and some of them are eaten at the table. The Florida style is to sever the orange at the equator and serve the north and south hemispheres on a plate with a spoon. All the signs of the zodiac are in the divisions of the orange. Chisel them out with the spoon and eat them. Leave the partitions. It is bad form to

### At the Flood.

Hearing of a rising river at the headwaters of the Euphrates, with a falling barometer and indications of a flood in the valley, the Pithecanthropus changed his mind and frankly admitted it to Noah. His manner was that of a chastened and softened person.

"You monkeyed too long," said the patriarch. "We gave you a chance to come in with us, and you wouldn't take it. Now we have arranged for all the stock we care about trying to float."

The general liquidation which followed had the usual effect upon all but the insiders.—Puck.

### Neatly Through.

A stranger entered a church in the middle of the sermon and seated himself in the back pew. After awhile he began to fidget. Leaning over to the white haired man at his side, evidently an old member of the congregation, he whispered:

"How long has he been preaching?"

"Thirty or forty years, I think," the old man answered. "I don't know exactly."

"I'll stay then," decided the stranger. "He must be nearly done."—Everybody's Magazine.

### Caught in the Rain.

"Oh, isn't it jolly?" said Dicky to Dolly. "I wonder why people complain. If we are together, what matters the weather?"

"I love to be out in the rain!"

"No need of a 'brolly,'" said Dicky to Dolly.

"We're not made of sugar or salt!"

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She—Never mind, dear, bald heads are like kind words.  
He—How's that?  
She—They can never dye.—Half-Hot-Hot day.

### Dead to the World.



Humorist—I've just written fifteen jokes on the man who doesn't advertise.

Post—That's wrong. You shouldn't jest about the dead.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

### More Than Enough.



"I fear you have not had enough experience."

"Not 'ad 'nuff experience? Why, I've 'ad ten places to the last month."—London Tatler.

### Won't Die Just Yet.



The Ostrich—I've swallowed a packet of nails, and they've disagreed with me. Would you recommend a strong emetic?

Dr. Monk—No. I'd recommend a strong magnet.

### The Modern Child.



"Shall we go into the toy store together, Alice? There are some lovely dolls there!"

"Why, yes—if it will give you any pleasure, grandma!"—Fleegende Blätter.

### Confusing.



Outlate (returning to his hotel at 2 a. m. and mistaking his room)—Good gracious, I must be in bed already! Here are my feet.—Pele Mele.

## A WARNING.

The Utter Uselessness of Taking a Course in German.

A customer during a trying on asked her dressmaker, whose son was at college, if he were pursuing a general course or specializing in any particular branch. The answer came promptly, through a mouthful of pins:

"Sanskrit, ma'am. He's specializing in Sanskrit. I can't say but I'd have preferred something a bit more usual in the way of education—something more plain tailor made for every day like. Sanskrit's such a fussy study."

Her criticism, if oddly worded, was comprehensible and not unintelligent. Less reasonable and equally unexpected were the remarks of an old farmer in a remote hill village upon the favorite studies of his son. He had always been suspicious of the higher education and was far from pleased when his Joe, whom he wished to keep on the farm, obtained a scholarship.

"Languages may be all right for folks that's born to 'em in foreign parts," he declared recently, with impressive deliberation, "but a man that ain't had better talk plain Yankee and do things."

"To see that boy of mine sit down with a book ye can't read, saying over words ye can't sense—jest putter, putter, mutter, mutter, sputter, sputter—why, it makes me fair sick. And for all he's been at it most a year, he can't make those Italians on the highway understand three words together. He owns himself he can't."

"It is Italian he is studying, then?" the listener murmured politely.

"No, 'tain't; it's German," admitted the old man in a reluctant growl. "But a precious poor excuse I call that, and so I told him."

"I don't care if 'tain't their own lingo, Joe," says I. "It oughter come a long sight higher to it than jest United States talk. Squeezed all up together the way folks be on the map o' Europe, course they must get used to each others' talk enough to make each other out."

"Bet ye my Sunday-go-to-meeting bet," I told him, "if ye talked reel German to those Italians they'd understand ye!"

"But he can't. All he can do 's to set in a corner with his book, putter putter and sputter sputter."

"Don't ye talk to me about no-leges! Joe's a warning."—Youth's Companion.

### Cured by Funny Stories.

Having vainly tried many and various remedies to restore to health a business man whom I know and who had fallen into a morbid condition owing to years of overwork, a famous Baltimore physician at last persuaded his patient to take a course of funny stories, one at each meal, with an extra two at dinner. The patient, a solemn and gloomy fellow, at first rebelled, but, finally falling in with the idea, adopted the course recommended and was in the end restored to health, the effect of laughter being entirely to change his mental and bodily condition.

Laughter, in fact, is one of the cheapest and most effective of medicines, breaking up stagnation of mind and body and sending a healthy vibration through one's system. There is very little the matter with the man who can enjoy a hearty laugh.—Nashville Tennessean.

### The Unwitting Jester.

Here are some gem answers to questions put in a recent history examination at a large private school:

"Simon de Montfort formed what was known as the mad parliament. It was something the same as it is at the present day."

"Cromwell raised a famous body of soldiers known to history as 'the Ironclads.'"

"Mortmain tried to stop dead men from leaving their land to churches."—London Tatler.

### What's in a Name?

A maiden whose first name was WEND was the only and beautiful child Of Mr. Jack Ross. And the sad story goes That later she wed Mr. Cuth of Wags Head And thus had her pretty name upped.—Bohemian Magazine.